



University of the Pacific Scholarly Commons

John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

1893-08-08

Letter from John Muir to Louie [Strentzel Muir], 1893 Aug 8.

John Muir

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarlycommons.pacific.edu/muir-correspondence>

Recommended Citation

Muir, John, "Letter from John Muir to Louie [Strentzel Muir], 1893 Aug 8." (1893). *John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)*. 972.
<https://scholarlycommons.pacific.edu/muir-correspondence/972>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by Scholarly Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in John Muir Correspondence (PDFs) by an authorized administrator of Scholarly Commons. For more information, please contact mgibney@pacific.edu.

Hotel Metropole,
London, August 8, 1893.

Dear Louie:

Wanda has so often mentioned some trouble about your eyes and Grandma's that I feel distressed about it. At first I thought it was only some cold, but the cause seems to be in something more serious, since it lasts so long. Do try to take better care of your health. Above all, don't worry about things. I feel lonesome whenever I set out on a new journey like this one to London or Switzerland, but I soon gain friends and feel better as soon as I can talk to people. Even after riding only an hour or two in a car the people I have spoken to shake hands with me at parting, saying "I'm glad, sir, I have met you. I'm truly obliged to you for your information, and I wish you a safe and happy journey." On the trip of twelve days to Norway almost everybody on the ship thanked me for what I told them about the scenery, the shaping of the mountains, etc., and there was a grand hearty shaking of hands and invitations to their homes when we were parting. Although the Scotch and English are so reserved and slow to make new friends, I do believe I could spend all the balance of my life in visits at the homes of these same conservative people.

I learned much in my own special studies in Norway. It was all like a language that with painstaking industry I had learned elsewhere. This alone was well worth the time and cost of the summer's trip. The trips in Scotland were also telling in a glacial way, and I find myself able to get hold of the general main facts in the history of all the lands I have seen in a very short time.

The trip to the English Lake district was perfectly delightful in every way. Such lovely glacier lakes - the shores curving in and out, fringed with charming woods, green islands here and there, and mountains and hills all green and bosky all around, flowers from lilies to heather in glorious abundance and beautiful cottages and mansions all steeped in fine associations. The hotels even are picturesque and charming, and I never before saw a place where I was so anxious to have you with me to enjoy it. Surely after spending so much of your life worried with drouth and weeds and hired men you should get one good look at the world and the best it can show. This I look forward to when the babies grow big. Here are some leaves I picked for you from the branches leaning over Wordsworth's grave.

With love to Grandma and everybody, I am,

Ever yours,

JOHN MUIR